

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVEHOLDERS."

EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Agent.

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to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery

true, with the hope that they will either

subscribe themselves, or use their influence to

extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion,

to be addressed to MARIUS R. ROBINSON, Editor,

At Others to EMILY ROBINSON, Publishing Agent.

THE BUGLE.

The Bible Question.

CADIZ, Ohio, Feb. 13, 1852.

MR. HENRY C. WRIGHT.—*Dear Friend*—In your letter directed to us, which appeared in The Bugle, you say, "Our censures are not bestowed on the right party," when we deplored the idea of the rejection of the truth of the Bible, being adopted by Abolitionists, as an Anti-Slavery measure, you say, "Abolitionists never introduced the discussion of the Bible question; nor have they kept it up." Abolitionists at the first based their cause on the self-evident truth that all men were created equal. The entire church and clergy of the nation, presented the Bible as a supporter of Slavery; therefore, Slavery must be right—Abolitionists were bound to meet and answer this argument; thus the question of the inspiration of the Bible has been introduced in the discussion of the Anti-Slavery question."

Now Friend Wright, we consider your statements in a great measure incorrect—Abolitionists did not at first, "wholly base their cause on the self-evident truth, that all men are created equal." In the declaration of sentiment, of the American Anti-Slavery Society, it represents slavery as not only an infringement on the law of nature; but is also a "presumptuous transgression of the Holy Commandments." As to its basis, it says, "with entire confidence in the overruling justice of God, we plant ourselves upon the declaration of our Independence, and on the truths of Divine Revelation, as upon the everlasting rock." Now to be consistent with the declaration of sentiment, it becomes members of the American Anti-Slavery Society to defend the truth of Divine Revelation, as far as the Anti-Slavery question is concerned, because by its own declaration of sentiment, Divine Revelation is one of the pedestals on which it stands firm, as upon the everlasting rock. Do not charge the people of the United States, with inconsistency with their Declaration of Independence, when you "first pull the beam out of your own eye."

It is not true, that the question of the inspiration and authority of the Bible, have ever been thrust on the Anti-Slavery platform for discussion. There are a few individuals who call themselves Abolitionists, who have taken upon them to discuss and settle the question, respecting the Inspiration of the Bible, and have pronounced it "a self-evident falsehood," and a supporter of slavery, and labor with more indefatigable zeal, and earnestness to abolish the Bible, than to abolish Slavery. Scarcely an article appears from their pens, but the abolition of the Bible stands forth in bold relief, shocking the moral and religious feelings of the community!—rudely pronouncing it "a lie," while a great majority of the community, are willing to stake their eternal happiness on the truth of its inspiration and authority. *Productions* of this character appearing in abolition papers, have often prevented us from circulating them in our neighborhood, lest it would give evidence to believe the charge preferred against Abolitionists, that they were in association of "Infidels," banded together under the mask of abolitionism to abolish the Bible. To persuade people to take a paper of this character, is out of the question.

Now Henry C. Wright, we tell you frankly, and with fraternal regard, that, "thou art the man!" others have occasionally written in Anti-Slavery papers in the same style, but you are in the continual habit, so much so, that it is considered a matter of course, and has in a great measure lost its effect. The pro-slavery community rejoices at the course you pursue; they know your influence goes to subvert the abolition cause, and promote slavery. Has abolition been ever promoted in any country by denouncing the Bible?—No, never. It never has been a measure of the Anti-Slavery Society to attack the inspiration of the Bible. Some Anti-Bible men have recommended it to be adopted as a principle measure; this is what we were opposing in our two letters in the Bugle which you refer to. And you intimate that the question of the inspiration of the Bible, is discussed on the Anti-Slavery platform, that

the question was thrust on it, by the pro-slavery party. Now, this is not true. This question has been sedulously avoided, on the Anti-Slavery platform. Whatever influence the Society may have had in promoting the Anti-Slavery cause, it is not in any degree owing to the Anti-Bible measure. No abolition lecturer, as you say yourself, (under the control of the Society,) ever attempted to show that the Bible sustained slavery. You say of Mr. Garrison in the Liberator, Jan. 30th, "It is worthy of notice, that in all his course, Garrison has never quoted the Bible to sanction slavery, but has ever used that Book with great power against it." This is one prominent reason why Mr. Garrison is so potent in the Anti-Slavery cause; he wields the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God, with great dexterity. Why do you not follow the example of Mr. Garrison, and use the Bible with great power against slavery. We agree with you that "the real enemies of the Bible are those who array it on the side of slaveholders." You have taken the hint and thus array it. Shame!—Shame!! Henry C. Wright, it is perfectly childish for you to say, because slaveocrats, endeavor to ensconce themselves behind the Bible, as their denier resort, thus taking a death-grip of the horns of the altar on which accounts you would destroy the Bible. We tell you, you cannot destroy the Bible; it is invulnerable. No weapon fanned against it will prosper. He that in Heaven sits, will laugh at your puny efforts! Your blows will recoil on your own head—you deceive yourself—in supposing Bible-men are at their wits end, to protect the Bible against the heavy blows of Anti-Bible men—you could not please pro-slavery men better, than to shoot at them through the Bible—you do more to strengthen slavery, than all the pro-slavery Doctors of Divinity in the land. Had we not too good an opinion of your honesty and good sense, we would suppose you were a pro-slavery tool, or monomaniac. You deserve a gold medal from the pro-slavery community, for your efficient labors in their cause. Because, foresooth, Moses Stuart wrote a pamphlet two years ago, to show that the Bible sanctions slavery, and the Fugitive Slave Law, therefore, the Bible does sanction slavery, and the Fugitive Slave Law, because Moses Stuart said so. We know you don't believe it, although you appear to have unbounded confidence in Moses Stuart's opinion. You know there is an express Statute in the Bible against the Fugitive Slave Law, Deut. 23, 15—16. Moses Stuart to the contrary, notwithstanding. And Christ expressly says there was no slavery under the Mosaic Law. Will you receive Christ as testimony? or will you reject his testimony? because Moses Stuart said he sanctioned slavery and the Fugitive Slave Law! Hear Christ's testimony. Math. 7, 12, "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them, FOR THIS IS THE LAW AND THE PROPHETS." Now could this be true, if the Bible sanctions slavery?

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In one day there are universal Te Deums, by command of the saviors of society; and we are told by Morn "that Providence does nothing by halves," meaning that the man steeped in injury and blood is not to be less than emperor. Another day we learn that, by decree, the words Liberis, Egalite, Fraternite, are immediately to be effaced from monuments, public edifices, and private dwellings; and that troops of workmen are easily employed erasing the proscribed words. Another day brings the intelligence that the NATIONAL GUARD is DISSOLVED THROUGHOUT FRANCE; the press destroyed; miserable censors sitting in secrecy, and receiving unseemly through slips, the proofs of the journals; tried by jury abolished; the independence of judges and advocates emanated; places of entertainment and refreshment under rigorous police regulations; conversation on public topics interdicted, and even the gossipers in the aristocratic salons threatened. These things done and threatened, and the tyrant and his tools resting on the bayonet and the vote, the repose of death, at least, might now be looked for. But another fact adds a terrible climax: eighty-three representatives are banished from France, with threatenings of a worse fate if they venture to return. Without crime alleged, without trial, without appeal, these men are torn from their families and from France.

In the Departments—the Republicans were being hunted like wild beasts; we had heard of high intelligence and station driven to despair and to suicide, fearing even to seek shelter from relatives and friends; we knew the prisons were over-crowded, and that ships of war were being converted into additional prisons; we knew that the military tribunals were dispensing prompt and fierce revenge; and it was said that the Court of Cassation would interpose and question the legality of these sentences; but now we learn that it has been resolved to deport thousands of citizens without trial, without sentence; to cram them on board ships of war, and send them to perish at Cayenne! A beginning has been made. In the dead of night 468 detained prisoners have been taken from the fort of Ivory, placed in a special train for Havre, taken from thence to Brest, and there put on board the Duguesclin, a 90 gun ship, destined for Cayenne, in French Guiana. The ruling brigands have "granted" to each other, or one to another of them, four millions of francs, for the purpose of founding a penal colony at Cayenne.

The most conspicuous and successful opposers of slavery, have nearly all been Bible-men. It was the unbending opposition of the Puritans of England to slavery, which

prevented the introduction of slaves into that Kingdom. You were incorrect when you said "one thing is certain, the believers in the Divine Authority of the Bible, generally uphold slavery." The unbelievers in its Divine Authority are generally seeking the abolition of this evil. Truly Anti-Bible men have always been the salt of the earth; witness the French Revolutions. The most conspicuous Anti-Bible man in the United States, is one of the most inveterate enemies of the colored man.

We will present one example more, of sterling abolitionism, found among Bible men, and then we will close. You say in the Liberator of January 30, "That when Mr. Garrison twenty-two years since, took his stand and consecrated himself to the abolition of slavery, at that time he was in sympathy with the theological opinions, and religious practices of the Calvinistic Baptists, at present one of the largest sects in the nation." Now, by your own testimony, here is a believer in the Divine Authority of the Bible, devoting the energies of mind and body to the overthrow of slavery, under very inauspicious circumstances, who is in himself an host, "one who can chase a thousand."

That a large majority of the church and clergy, in the United States are recalcitrant to their duty on the question of slavery we freely admit. We offer no apology on their behalf; we will be pleased to see Anti-Bible men pouring out the vials of their wrath on their guilty heads, and we know that they will do it with hearty good will, in their own peculiarly loving way. We wish to see them severely castigated, for passing by on the other side, leaving the bleeding slave writhing in his gore; not only passing by on the other side, but acting as accessories to the robbers. "Inasmuch as they have done it to the least of Christ's brethren, they have done it to Him." However we think Anti-Bible men are not well calculated to show them their inconsistency. If the Bible is such a book as they represent, the church and clergy act in perfect consistency with its tenets. Dear Friend Wright, "our smiting is not intended to break your head." We earnestly desire your temporal and eternal welfare.

Yours fraternally,

M. & E. WILSON.

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The French Tyranny.

All accounts combine in representing the condition of things in France as most deplorable. The Usurper has published what is called the Constitution. It is but a confirmation of his absolutism—confounding all power to his arbitrary will. Below are extracts from the European Correspondent of the Independent, which will give our readers a comprehensive summary of the terrible state of affairs in France:

One day there are universal Te Deums, by command of the saviors of society; and we are told by Morn "that Providence does nothing by halves," meaning that the man steeped in injury and blood is not to be less than emperor. Another day we learn that, by decree, the words Liberis, Egalite, Fraternite, are immediately to be effaced from monuments, public edifices, and private dwellings; and that troops of workmen are easily employed erasing the proscribed words. Another day brings the intelligence that the NATIONAL GUARD is DISSOLVED THROUGHOUT FRANCE; the press destroyed; miserable censors sitting in secrecy, and receiving unseemly through slips, the proofs of the journals; tried by jury abolished; the independence of judges and advocates emanated; places of entertainment and refreshment under rigorous police regulations; conversation on public topics interdicted, and even the gossipers in the aristocratic salons threatened. These things done and threatened, and the tyrant and his tools resting on the bayonet and the vote, the repose of death, at least, might now be looked for. But another fact adds a terrible climax: eighty-three representatives are banished from France, with threatenings of a worse fate if they venture to return. Without crime alleged, without trial, without appeal, these men are torn from their families and from France.

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A second detachment, consisting of 614 persons, arrested after the 3d December, is spoken of as having been sent in the night from Paris to Brest, for deportation, and among them two gentlemen of some literary distinction—M. Xavier Barrion, formerly editor in chief of the *Revolution*, and Mr. Lachambeaudie, author of "Le Pelerin." Girardin, of the *Presse*, is among the bondsmen who may not return to France under penalty of transportation to Cayenne. The *comtine*, or parish, of Luc, in the Var, comprised 1100 electors, that is, males above 20 of these 1100, certainly 1000 turned out against Louis Napoleon; the result has been that upwards of 500 have been dragged off from prison to prison, some shot, some to be transported. Upwards of 200 are fugitives, hiding in the surrounding woods and parishes.

The Norfolk News, a highly respectable paper, published at Norwich, communicates very interesting particulars from the diary of a literary gentleman, who with five friends was taken from a coffee-room attached to the Opera, taken to the depot of the Prefecture, and thence at midnight taken with 300 others to the Bicetre. Let it be remembered that it is from prisons thus crowded with persons thus indiscriminately arrested, that the "detachments" are now being drawn for transportation:

Many hundred Republicans were already locked up in the Casemates—a low, narrow, damp vault, bomb-proof, receiving no light or air through loop-holes, and nothing but bare walls, and the soft unflagged ground, upon which a few handfuls of half-rotten straw had been thrown. Each prisoner was given a blanket. But no one will ever know the horrors of that night and of the night that followed it; the tears of despair, the bursts of indignation, and the silent heart-breaking that moved each of us. No pen can retrace them faithfully.

In the morning we were each given a loaf of black bread, and fresh pails of water were emptied into the tubs disposed along one of the walls; out of them we had to slake our thirst as well as we could.

During the second night we were awakened by an officer, who came in attended by several armed men. One of them held a lantern, and by the dim light it gave he read and called out of a list he held, twenty-two names. The poor fellows went out, and although we suspected their fate, some of us seemed to envy it. Alas! the door had been scarcely closed, when it opened again, and a band of three or four hundred more prisoners was thrown into our already overcrowded casemates. Some confusion took place; the passage seemed to be blocked up; and for some minutes a few remained outside, unable to pass the door. Lying near the entrance, I heard the two following phrases, which I most solemnly assert were pronounced in my hearing. "The police agent who had the superintendence of the band of new comers, turned towards the officer, whose men were tying the hands of the twenty-two victims just gone out, and said to him, 'Take these three and shoot them with the rest, it will make twenty-five!'" "Not," answered the officer, "I have orders to shoot twenty-two, and no more." In the morning we found that three of our companions were raving mad; that he had entered last during the night, and whose life had been so nearly disposed of by the police agent, was one of them. Poor fellow! he fancied himself in another world, and called incessantly upon his wife and child to come and join him. They were all three taken to Charenton the next day.

The writer fell ill; he happened to be acquainted with the surgeon of the regiment on guard at the Bicetre, and was set at liberty on New Year's day, at six o'clock in the morning, with E——, the astronomer, and a few more. We were cautioned by a friendly voice not to express our joy by any outward expression of gratification; for thirty of my fellow-prisoners who had been set free the day before, had been reincarcerated immediately, because three of them had welcomed their liberty by a joyous shout of "Vive la République!"

AGRICOLA.

From the Liberator.

OUR FREE COUNTRY!

WORCESTER, Feb. 9, 1852.

FRIEND GARRISON:

Mr. S—— E——, a hard-working

and not considered over-earnest Free Soilder, left this city with his wife, last July, for Saratoga Springs, where they remained two or three months. The health of Mrs. E. being quite poor, and she having been advised to go South to spend the winter, they left Saratoga in November. On reaching Alexandria, Va., he found an opportunity to obtain work, which would enable him to support his family, for a while, at least.

The health of his wife being too poor to allow her to do her own work, a couple of free colored girls wished to do it for her, and, in exchange, she was to assist them in learning to read and write. Their means being limited, she consented, and each fulfilled her part until it came to the ears of the slaveholders, who immediately ordered Mr. E. to leave the place. Not satisfied with that, they repaired to his carpenter's shop, in which were all his tools and lumber, (with which he was building a house,) set fire to it, and burned it to the ground, with its contents. They then threatened to burn the house in which he and his invalid wife were living, if he did not leave Alexandria in forty-eight hours. Driven to the last extremity, the poor man, in the rigor of our unusually severe winter, was obliged to return North as best he could.

I will make no comment on this infamous transaction, but would respectfully and candidly ask the reader, Where is your "Constitutional liberty?"

Yours truly, M. STOWELL.

Agents of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society.

A Text and a Sermon.

Said Wendell Phillips, "God gives us great scoundrels for texts to Anti-Slavery sermons." Though we doubt the divinity of that class of texts, yet as texts, they are unquestionably the very best. If any one doubts it, let him read the following extracts from a sermon of this sort, published in the Liberator. Mr. Phillips is himself the preacher. The occasion—the annual gathering of abolitionists in Faneuil Hall—January 30th, 1852.

After an introductory, which we are reluctantly compelled to omit, Mr. Phillips read the resolutions we published last week, recording the deep and stern indignation of the assembly, against the dignitaries of the city, and the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, for their subversiveness in the surrender of Simms to the kidnappers. With this batch of "scoundrels" for a text, he gives us the sermon as follows:

I do not forget that the Church, all the while this melancholy scene was passing, stood by and upheld a merciless people in the execution of an inhuman law, accepted the barbarity, and baptized it "Christian duty." O, no, I do not forget them. But I remember that, in an enterprising, trading city like ours, the merchants are full as much, if not more responsible for the state of public opinion, than the second-rate men who rather occupy, than fill, our pulpits, and who certainly seldom tempt the brains of their hearers to violate the command of the Jewish Scriptures, "Thou shall not do any work on the sabbath day."

Do you ask why the abolitionists denounce the traders of Boston? It is because the merchants chose to send back Thomas Sims—pledged their individual aid to Marshal Taube, in case there should be any resistance; it is because the merchants did it to make money. Thank God, they have not made any! (Great cheering.) Like the negro who went to hear Whittier, and rolled in the dust in the enthusiasm of his religious excitement, until they told him it was Whittier, when he picked himself up, crying out, "Then I duty myself for nothing!" (Tremendous cheering.) If slave-hunting alone can save them, may bankruptcy sit on the ledger of every one of

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spoke to me, as a boy, through the lips of Quincy and Sullivan, of Webster and Otis, has sunk down to the miserable sophistry of this mountebank!—and I felt proud of the city of my birth, as I looked down on the maiming multitude beneath me, on whom his spasmodic chatter fell like a wet blanket. (Great laughter and cheering.)—He did not dare to touch a second time on the Fugitive Slave Bill. He tried it once, with his doctrine of ‘infamous ethics,’ and the men were as silent as the pillars around them. Ah, thought I, we have been here a little too often before; and if we have not impressed the seal of our sentiments very deeply on the people, they have at least learned that immediate emancipation, though possibly it be a dream, is not ‘infamous ethics’; and that such doctrine, the Declaration of Independence and the Sermon on the Mount, need more than the flashy rhetoric of a Webster retainer to tear them asunder. (Great cheering.)

The judges of the Commonwealth—I have something to say of them. I wish sometimes we lived in England, and I will tell you why. Because John Bull has some degree of individual self-respect left. There is an innate, dogged obstinacy in him, that would never permit the successors of a Hale, a Butler, a Mansfield, or a Brougham to stoop beneath any chain that the City Marshal of London could have put round Westminster Hall. I was once a member of the profession myself, but glad I am no longer, since the head of it has bowed his bony person to Francis Tukey’s chain. (Cheers.)

Did he not know that he was making history that hour, when the Chief Justice of this Commonwealth entered his own Court, bowing down like a criminal beneath a chain four feet from the soil? Did he not know that he was the author of that decision which shall be remembered when every other case in Pickering’s Reports is lost, declaring the slave Med a free woman the moment she sat foot on the soil of Massachusetts, and that he owed more respect to himself and his own fame, than to disgrace the ermine by passing beneath a chain? There is something in emblems. There is something, on great occasions, even in the attitude of a man. Chief Justice Shaw betrayed the Bench and the Courts of the Commonwealth, and the honor of a noble profession, when for any purpose of enabling George T. Curtis to act his melancholy farce in peace he crept under a chain into his own court-room. And besides, what a wanton and gratuitous insult it was! What danger was there, with two hundred men inside the court-house, and three hundred men around it on the sidewalk? Near five hundred sworn policemen in and around that building—what need for any chain?—It was put there in wanton insult to the feelings of the citizens of Boston, nothing else;—in wanton servility to the Slave Power, and nothing else;—in wanton flattery to Daniel Webster. Yes, it was the gratuitousness of the insult that makes it all the more unbearable! And the ‘old chief’ as we loved to call him, made himself, in timid servility, party to the insult and the degradation. How truly American! Ah, our slave system by no means exists only on Southern plantations!

We are said to be unreasonable in this manner of criticising the institutions, laws and men of our country. It is thought that, as little men, we are bound to tune our voices and bow our heads to the great intellects, as they are called, of the land—Mr. Webster and others. He tells us, that there are certain important interests concerned in this question, which we are bound to regard, and not abstract theories about the equality of men, and the freedom of humble individuals. Well, all I say to that is, when dollars are to be discussed, let him discuss them with Franklin Haven, in the directors’ room of the Merchants Bank. Let him discuss them over the bursting ledgers of Mill-street—that is the place for dollar talk. But there is no room for dollars in Faenell Hall, The idea of liberty is the great fundamental principle of this spot;—that a man is worth more than a bank vault. (Loud cheers.)

I know Mr. Webster has, on various occasions, intimated that this is not statesmanship in the United States; that the cotton mills of Lowell, the schooners of Cape Cod, the coasters of Marblehead, the coal and iron mines of Pennsylvania, and the business of Wall street, are the great interests which this government is framed to protect. He intimated, all through the recent discussion, that property is the great element this government is to stand by and protect—the test by which its success is to be appreciated. Perhaps it is so; perhaps it is so; and if the making of money, if ten per cent, a year, if the placing of one dollar on the top of another, be the highest effort of human skill; if the answer to the old Puritan catechism—‘What is the chief end of man?’ is to be changed, according to modern state craft, it ought to be, why, so—Nicholas, of Russia, made a catechism for the Poles, in which they are taught that Christ is the next below God and the Emperor of all the Russias is next below Christ. So, judging by the tenor of his recent speeches, Daniel has got a catechism, ‘What is the chief end of man?’ The old one of the Westminster Divines, of Selden and Hugh Peters, of Cotton and the Mathers, used to answer, ‘To glorify God and enjoy him forever’: that is, Kane-treasure now. ‘The chief end of man?’ why, it is to save the Union!

A Voice.—Three cheers for the Union!!

Mr. Phillips.—Feeble cheers those!—(Great applause) and a very thoughtless office it is to defend the Union or that lay. Did you ever read the fable of the wolf that met the dog? The one was fat, the other gaunt and famine stricken. The wolf said to the dog, ‘You are very fat,’ ‘Yes,’ replied the dog, ‘I get along very well at home.’ ‘Well,’ said the wolf, ‘could you take me home?’—‘O, certainly.’ So they trotted along together; but as they neared the house, the wolf caught sight of certain ugly scars on the neck of the dog, and stopping, said, ‘Where did you get those scars on your neck? They look very sore and bloody?’ ‘O,’ said the dog, ‘they tie me up at night, and I have rather an inconvenient iron collar on the neck. But that’s a small matter; they feed me well.’ ‘On the whole,’ said the wolf, taking the food and the collar together, I prefer to remain in the woods.’ Now, if I am allowed to choose, I do not like the collar of Daniel Webster and Parson Dewey and there are certain ugly scars I see about their necks. I should like, Dr. Dewey, to promise to return my mother to slavery; and Mr. Webster, I prefer to be lean and

keep my ‘prejudices,’ to getting fat by smothering them. I do not like your idea of the Yankee character, which seems to be too near that of the Scotsman, of whom Dr. Johnson said that if he saw a dollar on the other side of hell, he would make a spring for it at the risk of falling in. (Laughter.)—I cannot think, under correction of these great statesmen and divines, this to be the beau ideal of human perfection. I do not care whether the schooners of Harwich, under slaveholding hunting, catch fish and keep them or not; I do not care whether the mills of Abbott Lawrence make him worth two millions or one; whether the iron and coal mines of Pennsylvania are profitable or not, if, in order to have them profitable, we have got to go down on our marrow bones and thank Daniel Webster for saving his Union, call Major Bigelow an honorable man and Mayor, and acknowledge Francis Tukey as Chief Justice of this Commonwealth. I prefer hunger and the woods to the hopeless task of maintaining the sincerity of Daniel Webster, or bending under the chain of Francis Tukey. (Tremendous cheering.)

Following the Condition of the Mother.

A Correspondent sends us the following statement of a supposed case for the consideration of those who maintain the necessity of the expatriation of all whose complexions are tinted by an infusion of negro blood in their veins. The case, though suppositional, is true, in a greater or less degree, of a very large proportion of the colored people, both bond and free, in this country:

About fifty years ago, a young man, whom I shall name John C., settled in one of our Southern States and commenced planter. Amongst other slaves he purchased one pure African wench, about eighteen years old, named Susan. He had also a hired overseer, from the State of Vermont, by the name of Stephen. In about a year, Susan had a daughter Jane, who was also the daughter of Stephen, the young Vermonter; so Jane was one-half Vermonter and half African.

When this Jane was about eighteen, she became the mother of Abigail; and Abigail’s father was named Joseph, a young man from the State of New York, so Abigail was one-half New Yorker, one-fourth Vermonter, and one-fourth African.

Abigail, at the age of seventeen, became the Mother of Phoebe; and Phoebe was also the daughter of Israel, another overseer that John C. had hired from Boston; so this slave Phoebe was one-half Bostonian, one-eighth African.

It came to pass that when Phoebe was in her twelfth year, John C. was gathered to his fathers, and his son William C. came in possession of his plantation, with all its mulatto slaves, with Phoebe amongst the rest. Now Phoebe, at the age of twenty-one, has a daughter by the name of Sarah, who is also the daughter of Thomas, an overseer that William has hired from Providence, Rhode Island; so this slave Sarah is one-half Rhode Islander, one-fourth Bostonian, one-eighth New Yorker, one-sixteenth Vermonter, and one-sixteenth African.

This Sarah, at the age of nineteen, becomes the mother of Judy, who was the daughter of Andrew, an overseer from Ohio. So Judy will be one-half Buckeye, one-fourth Rhode Islander, one-eighth Bostonian, one-sixteenth New Yorker, one-thirty-second part Vermonter, and one-thirty-second part African.

Judy at the age of fifteen, becomes the mother of Lavinia, who shall be also the daughter of Oliver, another overseer from Pennsylvania. So this slave Lavinia will be one-half Pennsylvanian, one-quarter Buckeye, one-eighth R. Islander, one-sixteenth Bostonian, one thirty-second part New Yorker, one sixty-fourth African. So that, in little over forty years from the death of John C., we have a slave or, perhaps, a whole family of them, each of whom shall be sixty-three parts white and but one part African. One step more: the children of this Lavinia, who are daughters also of John C., will be grandsons of old John C., will be one hundred and twenty-seven parts white and only one part African. Now if this young woman must be sent to the home of her ancestors, where shall she go? To Pennsylvania; Ohio; New York; Rhode Island; Massachusetts; Vermont; or Africa? Even if her mission, in the Providence of God, is to convert the Heathen, can she, without flying directly in the face of that Providence, neglect her near-of kin, here at home, for her hardly less enlightened far-off cousins of the Guinea coast?—A. S. Standard.

Come Out from Among Them.

The Free Presbyterian, closes an article upon the comparative necessity of separation, from the Romish, and the slave holding church, as follows:

The causes of separation from Rome at this period ought not to be named in connection with the causes of separation from the slaveholding and slavery justifying churches of that country. By these churches the ‘sun of all villainies’ is endorsed. Those guilty of ‘the highest kind of theft’ are welcomed to their communion, and the Scriptures are appealed to constantly to justify its commission. Christ and his Apostles are rudely pressed into the service of ‘the vilest system of oppression that ever saw the sun’; and the man most expert in this prostitution of Scripture is the man whom the church most delights to honor. Slavery purrs corrupt human nature, in its worst state, in place of God to the slave, and thus transmits the worst idolatry that Rome ever sanctioned.

In view of these and similar facts, it is one of our firmest convictions that no separation of church has ever taken place from a corrupt church, except to furnish traitors for hanging, or autocrats to deposit ballots for slavery, will have every thing his own way until the election, when some Democratic slave will probably carry off the honors, and leave Fillmore with his infamy for his pains.

Anti-Liquor Legislation.—The question of the adoption of the Maine Law is now under discussion in the Legislatures of Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts and New York. Some modifications are proposed. In New York, the proposal is, to apply the principle to the sale of all liquors in quantities less than one barrel. Exceptions are made in favor of sacramental, medicinal and mechanical purposes. In Indiana and Rhode Island, bills of like character have been before the Legislature and defeated. In such case slave refuse to leave the state, he is to forfeit his freedom.

Our exchanges in different sections of the South continue to record slaves at very high prices. At a late sale in Person county, N. C. a woman, nine children, and another slave, sold for \$5,800. Last week, at Asheville, N. C., six slaves, whose ages ranged from 9 to 20 years, sold at prices varying from \$707 to \$881. On Tuesday last, at Savannah, Ga., 106 slaves, mostly women and children, brought in the aggregate \$41,240.

The Southern price Current, indicates an unusual price for human chattels. As witness the following, from the Southern Press:

Our exchanges in different sections of the South continue to record slaves at

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WHEN GOD COMMANDS TO TAKE THE TRUMPET AND BLOW A DOLOROUS OR A JARRING BLAST, IT LIES NOT IN MAN’S WILL WHAT HE SHALL SAY OR WHAT HE SHALL CONCEAL.—Milton.

SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY 27, 1852.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE meets March 7th.

A Word to some of our Subscribers.

Thanks to those of our subscribers, who have promptly responded to their bills. We hope to hear from all the rest as soon as convenient. Several letters have been received, correcting errors in the accounts. To such we would say, that the Publishing Agent has in all cases made out the bills according to the books. All mistakes which have been pointed out, have been rectified, and the utmost care will be taken to prevent the recurrence of like difficulties.

The receipts on subscription, are published regularly every week, with the No. of the paper to which the remittance pays. If any payments fail to be promptly or accurately acknowledged, those having made the remittances, are requested to inform the Publishing Agent without delay. Far better thus, than to delay the correction for months or years as has been done in most of the cases referred to.

Please be particular in regard to the names of persons and places. Give the County and State, as well as the Post-Office address. And direct to Salem, *Columbian Co.*, O. Salem, about in the country. There are some half dozen or more in Ohio. If you have occasion to send fractions of a dollar, send in postage stamps, rather than in loose change.

The Whig Candidate.

Fillmore stock is rising at the South. So far as we have noticed, all the Southern Whig Conventions are giving him their nominations. The State Convention of Tennessee held last week, instructed their delegates to the National Convention, to vote for him. He is worthy. Slavery is fittingly sustained by apostles and traitors to freedom. Northern Whigs too, are ready to swallow the dose. The Seward Whigs of New York have proclaimed by their organ—the Albany Evening Journal—that they will go for the nomination of the party, whether it is fit to be made or not. They prefer General Scott, but Mr. Webster or Fillmore will do if their masters say he must. The following is the language of the Journal:

The true Whigs of Western New York, never carry their preferences beyond the nominating Convention. Whoever may be selected as the representative of the principles of the Whig party, will find these Scott men, the *nominée’s man, and nothing else.* That does not satisfy every body down South, there is no use in trying. The bulkiness of their position is quite unprecedented except by those of their own genus. After all the outcry of these ‘higher law’ Whigs against the compromises, General Scott is their first choice, though he gave most material aid to their passage.” But failing in this, they will not be particular—they are long suffering and obliging, and any body will answer for President, who can turn up a nomination. It occurs to us that these higher law Whigs are treating General Scott rather scurvyly. Though the friend and foster father of the compromise, he refuses for the espace accommodation of these very Anti-Slavery Whigs, to pledge himself to support it. They meet this accommodating refusal of the General, by which he sacrifices the South, with the declaration that they will abandon him if the South so desire.

Fillmore evidently holds the winning hand in this game of the nomination. General Scott expected that his non-intervention, and his actual aid, rendered in the adoption of the compromise, in connexion with the multitude of Mexicans he had butchered in support of slavery, would secure to himself the southern whigs. And his refusal to pledge himself in words to the compromise, would enable his northern partisans to represent him, as opposed to it, and thus secure the North. But this is now about to find out will not work. To refuse to pledge to the South, is tacitly to admit that there is a North. This the South can by no means permit. Not even by implication. On the other hand, Fillmore is sound on the intervention question. In word and deed pledged to the South, affirming by the whole course of his administration, “There is no North,” except to furnish traitors for hanging, or automats to deposit ballots for slavery, will have every thing his own way until the election, when some Democratic slave will probably carry off the honors, and leave Fillmore with his infamy for his pains.

S. S. and A. K. Foster are in Tompkins Co., N. Y. doing as is their wont, radical and thorough work. For a world’s wonder Mr. Foster has a letter in the Standard, reporting their proceedings. Mrs. F. was suffering from ill health.

Somebody, too modest to give his name,

reports to the Standard some efficient labor in Cataragus Co., N. Y.

The especial friends of the Union, the Constitution, and the ministry, are greatly disturbed by his operations.

Insanity in California.—One of the Judges in San Francisco, says, that one hundred and fifty cases of insanity, have come under his observation, with six months. One of the editors in the city, states that there have been not less than four hundred cases since its settlement.

The New York Tribune says, that the North American Phalanx, in Monmouth Co., N. J. has declared a dividend of four per cent, upon its capital stock for the past year. This dividend has been made after competently rewarding labor in every department. It is its first dividend, after ten years struggle.

A Bill is before the Legislature of Louisiana, requiring every person emancipating a slave, to give a bond to the government for his transportation, beyond the limits of the state. In such case slave refuse to leave the state, he is to forfeit his freedom.

We would call attention of produce dealers and others interested, to the advertisement of Messrs. Bidwell & Co. Their location is at the junction of the P. & O. Rail Road with the Ohio river.

Massachusetts A. S. Society.

By a notice on our first page, it will be seen that this society has commissioned and sent forth a company of most efficient agents. It is the association which by its wisdom and energy, leads the way in the great enterprise for freedom.

For a score of years it has annually assembled, exhibiting a purity of purpose and clearness of vision, which has enabled it to take new and advanced positions as the exigencies of the changing conflict have demanded. Most violent, have been the denunciations of enemies, and deprecatory the counsel of timid friends. But results have proved that those who have been most fearless and unceasing in doing the will of truth and justice, have been those who have had most wisdom to decide what should be done.

The community has advanced, wonderfully advanced. But the consecrated, working abolitionists every where are now as far in advance as ever. To the Church, their position may be a stumbling block, and to the politicians foolishness—yet none the less, are they the wisdom and the power, that must and will save the nation. When it shall be true that abolitionists have ceased to go forward, their mission will have ended, and the grave may as well speedily close over their organizations. But this time has not yet come with the Massachusetts Society, if we may judge from their last anniversary, and from the energy with which they commence the labors of the new year.

Notices.

Hydropathic Encyclopedia.—No. VII of this useful family mammal has been issued.—Contents.—Pathology, and Hydro-therapeutics concluded, and the application of Hydropathy to surgical diseases. Published by Fowler and Wells, No. 131, Nassau-st, New York.

Sartain’s Union Magazine for March, was on hands some days ago. Among its numerous and gifted contributors this month, are Eliza L. Sprout, Park Benjamin, Wm. H. Furness and Mrs. M. E. Hewett. It contains among other things a design for a cottage, which seems to us admirable, whether we consider appearance or convenience.

Little’s Living Age.—No. 406 has been received, in valuable and interesting as ever. In our last No. we give one of its selections—“What to do in the meantime.”

The Herald of Freedom, is the name of a Free Soil paper commenced not long since in Wilmington, Ohio. It is independent and fearless, and bespeaks its Editor a hearty friend of freedom and of general reform.

The Pittsburgh Dispatch.—A cheap daily. Neutral in politics, well stored with general and local commercial intelligence—6 cents per week. Any body that wont smoke cigars or drink punch, can take a daily at that price.

Knickerbocker.

Subscriptions to the Knickerbocker received at this office.

Anti-Slavery Workers.

Messrs. Walker and Wright are having some rich experiences, in Michigan, as will be seen from Mr. Walker’s letter.

Cyrus M. Burleigh, lecturing on the borders of Maryland and in Delaware, is encountering some of the old fashioned opposition; mob committees, and resolutions, harrying threats of tar and feathers, and more serious demonstrations, in the application of jack-knives to the skirts of overcoats &c.—Mr. B. is now occupying disputed territory. May his principles, obtain a permanent lodgment there.

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THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Letter from Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 20, 1852.
Kossuth's reception in Cincinnati—Address to the people—Delegates and "material aid"—His future movements.

To the Editor of *The Bugle*: For two weeks past, "Kossuth and Hungarian freedom," has been the absorbing theme of the newspapers, and of public meetings and private conversation. The distinguished visitor has received a most enthusiastic welcome, and during his stay among us far, the strongest evidences of admiration for himself, and sympathy with the cause of Hungary have been exhibited by the mass of our citizens. Kossuth's levees at the Burnett House; his addresses to the delegations who have daily waited upon him, notices of the meetings of the various Hungarian Associations, and other bodies have also waited upon him with addresses and material aid. Indeed from 10 till 2 o'clock every day, there is a succession of visitors at his rooms.

From Pittsburgh \$800 has been received by Kossuth; and \$2,500 from Dr. Jayne of Philadelphia, who it is generally believed has made a fortune by his Patent medicines. On Saturday evening there is to be a grand Banquet in honor of Washington's Birth day, at which Kossuth and suite are to be present, which is to take place of the intended Banquet to him, which he declined. He leaves next Tuesday, but in what direction is not decided. The City Council of Louisville has rejected by a large majority a resolution to invite him there, and it is probable he will go to Indianapolis, (where he will be warmly received,) and to St. Louis.

Yours, P.

The ice has disappeared and for two weeks the River has been in a fine stage for navigation, and business upon it very brisk.

The Saturday Visitor,

Comes out with a new head. We mean the paper, not its Editor. She evidently wears her old one, and it as full as ever, minus what she has recently emptied out, of facts and fancies in regard to women's conventions. In her last, she erects rather a high standard for conventions, and as we take it, for reformers generally, viz: That their sayings and doings must be so perfect, as to be absolutely incapable of being scoffed at. We truly hope the originator of this idea may be enabled to give us an illustration of its practicality. She will surpass any model of which we have any knowledge.

In the present No. of the Visitor is commenced a series of "Letters to Mothers." This was proposed long time ago. Now Mrs. Swissheim can speak from experience, she has been a mother long enough to get the baby named.

BREVITIES.

The Austrian Government has prohibited the introduction of English Bibles into Hungary.

One of the French papers thinks Mr. Webster's speech at the Kossuth Banquet, "an electing maneuver." Not far from right.

The Emperor of Russia has prohibited the exportation of corn from the Empire until further orders.

England is still excited by the apprehension of a French invasion—though the Prince President disclaims all such designs.

France is quiet. Placards are posted in some of the public houses in Paris, prohibiting conversation on politics, on pain of expulsion.

The Pope has written an autograph letter, congratulating the French usurper on his success.

The Cleveland and Wellsville Rail Road is completed.

Fresh Tomatoe's from Bermuda, are advertised in New York.

The citizens of Zanesville have had a meeting and passed resolutions in opposition to Kossuth and his measures.

A bill for the abolition of capital punishment, has passed both houses of the Rhode Island Legislature.

The convention of spirit rappers in Cleveland seems to have been near a failure, judging from the reports of the True Democrat.

Kossuth has been waited upon at his rooms, by many of our citizens, most of whom have given him "material aid," several have presented him with \$100, others \$50, \$30, \$10 and sums down to \$5. The Germans gave him \$1,000 and he made an address to them in that language, of an hour and a half in length, on Saturday at a large Hall belonging to them on Walnut st., above the Canal. He is to address another meeting of the Germans in one of their Churches to-night, at which \$1,000 more, made up in \$1 subscriptions, is to be presented. He made an address on Saturday evening at the new Concert Hall on 4th street, to 1,050 persons, who had taken all the seats for the purpose at one dollar each, and \$1,000 was given him.

One of the most interesting scenes was the visit of the Ladies, one thousand in number, filling the large parlor of the Burnett House. They presented him with \$800 made up by their Association, and one of them made a valuable address to Kossuth, to which he replied at some length. Madame Kossuth was present at this interview.

The boys of the city have formed an association, and are to present him with what funds they have raised in a day or two. The Ward Association, and the General one of which they are branches, are raising funds, and are to have a grand and final demonstration on Monday next in the Depot of the Dayton R. Road, the largest edifice by far in the city) where a sum sum of money will be given. There can be no doubt that this place has given more "material aid" to the cause of Hungary than any other in this country, except New York.—Lough, his lady and suite express themselves highly gratified with the very cordial welcome they have received here.

A committee of the Clergy of the city called "Practical," representing their Minister's Association, made him a visit and address thro' Dr. S. W. Fisher, their spokesman, to which he responded at some length, enlarging on the necessity of war in some cases to secure the rights of man and overthrow despotism, and entering war, though an evil to be a less one than oppression. Yesterday another body of

Scenes at the Capital.

clergyman visited and addressed him through Rev. Mr. Barrett their Chairman, (Swedish-Borgian) who recognized in very explicit terms, the necessity of resorting to war to redress great injuries inflicted on men in some cases. Deputations from the Israélites, the Printers' Association, and other bodies have also waited upon him with addresses and material aid. Indeed from 10 till 2 o'clock every day, there is a succession of visitors at his rooms.

From Pittsburgh \$800 has been received by Kossuth; and \$2,500 from Dr. Jayne of Philadelphia, who it is generally believed has made a fortune by his Patent medicines. On Saturday evening there is to be a grand Banquet in honor of Washington's Birth day, at which Kossuth and suite are to be present, which is to take place of the intended Banquet to him, which he declined. He leaves next Tuesday, but in what direction is not decided. The City Council of Louisville has rejected by a large majority a resolution to invite him there, and it is probable he will go to Indianapolis, (where he will be warmly received,) and to St. Louis.

Read the following from the Washington Correspondent of the True Democrat:

WASHINGTON CITY, February 16, 1852.

GENTLEMEN—I have just visited the City Prison for the first time during the present session of Congress. I found poor Drayton in his room, where he is permitted to remain during the day time, being thrust into his inner dungeon at night. He is in better health than when I last saw him; says that his physical comforts are attended to as well as circumstances permit. Sayres was also with him in the same room. They are supplied with books and papers to read, and thus as far as possible, occupy their minds. Yet here they are, shut out from the world, separated from their families, and friends, with no hope of release, until the Angel of death shall come to open their prison doors and bid them enter that land where slaveholders and doughfights can no longer inflict punishment upon men for their love of liberty. It is now nearly four years since they made an attempt to assist some eighty of their fellow beings to break the chains that bound them, and to flee from an oppression unknown among barbarous nations. For this generous and righteous act, they are doomed to a lingering death within the bars and bolts of a dungeon. To ask the present Executive to pardon them would be a waste of words and of effort.

They were pleased to see me. They never fail when I call to alight to my first visit to them. It was on the morning after they first entered their gloomy abode. They, with the whole eighty slaves had been captured, brought back, and thrust into prison. There was great and general excitement through the city. The slave dealers were collecting from all quarters to purchase the victims who had been penned. Baltimore, Annapolis, Richmond, Alexandria and Washington had poured forth troops of these human vultures, who had gathered at the prison in order to speculate in human flesh. There were the two Edmundson sisters, their talented, gentle and manly brother; there was Mrs. Matteson's body-servant, and others equally indignant, shut up for market in these barracks. The vestibule of the prison was filled with purchasers.

What followed needs no repetition. All recollect the three days of excitement, of mob violence and of terror. In the House of Representatives the storm raged and members raved, and said in public debate, that they would hold a mob to execute violence on the member from your district for having visited these men. Hale broke forth in the Senate, and slaveholding wrath was also kindled up in that grave body. Many and varied have been the scenes which I have since witnessed. Thousands of miles have I travelled, enjoying the sunshine and the zephyrs of heaven, associating with friends and acquaintances, but there in their gloomy abode these victims still remain, surrounded by walls of stone and of iron; and there they are doomed to remain, while they live, monuments to the barbarity of this land of boasted freedom.

I also called on Noah Hanson. He is an educated man, of genteel deportment, with just enough colored blood to show that some of his ancestors belonged to the African race. Two years ago, he was serving at the house of R. S. Cox, in this city. Two slaves belonging to Mr. Colcock, a representative from South Carolina, escaped, and were subsequently found in one of Cox's outbuildings. This man was suspected, and being a colored man, was easily convicted of assisting them, although the slaves denied it, notwithstanding they were repeatedly flogged to compel them to implicate Hanson. On conviction, he was fined \$10,000, and sentenced to remain in prison until the fine shall be paid. For this offence he has already been in prison eight months. He has a mother, who was dependent on him for support while he was free; but that mother, and the scenes of his child-hood will never more see. He is doomed to drag out a miserable life within the walls of a dungeon.

I recollect of hearing a member of Congress many years since tell of having seen a white man shoot a colored for walking over a bridge across the canal, near the city, thereby frightening some ducks at which the white man was trying to get a shot. They flew, and the sportsman turned around and shot the boy, who died in two days afterwards.

But not a resident of Washington was disposed to prosecute his murderer.

The gentleman went himself to the authorities and stated the facts, and informed them that the subject should be brought up in the House unless the murderer was arrested.

Proceed was finally issued, the murderer was imprisoned, and soon after it was said he had broken jail and escaped; and was no more heard of. But this man, for assisting his fellow-man to break his chains, is doomed to linger and waste his life in a living grave.

This is a specimen of the justice of Congressional legislation.

Yours,

Cleveland and Mahoning Rail Road.—The friends of this road are in earnest. Meetings have been held, and a considerable amount of stock taken at Youngstown, New Castle and other places.

ARREST FOR STEALING A WIFE.—The New York papers state that George A. Morse was arrested in New York on Saturday for abducting from Boston the wife and chattels of John Brown. Brown is a colored man, and his wife passes for a white woman. While the colored gentleman was absent on business, Morse made love to and induced the wife to leave her husband. Morse was committed on a charge of grand larceny, to await a requisition from the authorities of Massachusetts.

He hath a good judgement who relieth not wholly on his own.

Out of Place.

Bennett's Herald raves as follows in regard to the success of the National Era in Washington. It would if possible set the slaveholders upon its expulsion. The Herald is quite out of its sphere in venturing a suggestion to the Lords of the lash. Its business and that of all its like, is not to command or even suggest, but to obey like lackeys as they are.

THE WASHINGTON ORGANS.—Abolition in the South.—While the Political organs in Washington, Whig, Democrat, and Southern Rights, are reduced to the starving point, from the absence of Treasury pap, the one thing needful to sustain them—white active partisans in Congress are scheming, and plotting, and intriguing, to get a division of the Congress printing among their respective party organs, it is a remarkable fact that the central organ of the abolitionists is alone, of all the journals in Washington, supported by the popular subscriptions. We say this is a remarkable fact, and indeed it is extraordinary, when we consider that Washington is within the slaveholding section of the United States, in a slaveholding District, and between Maryland and Virginia, the two oldest slaveholding States in the Union. But when we consider that Washington is the seat of national government, and the cradle of the peculiar institutions of the South, the fact is absolutely surprising that an abolition organ should alone be capable in that city of sustaining itself, without the aid of the treasury.

The central patronage of the national whig and democratic parties has been scattered and wasted upon a variety of organs both central and sectional. But the abolitionists, of all classes, castes, colors, and stripes, throughout the whole country, concentrate their suffrages upon the central organ, and thus give it a solid and enduring support. The great object of sustaining their Washington organ is a simple military strategem. It gives them a foothold in the enemy's territory—a masked battery, from which they may play directly upon the very fortress of Southern slavery. The objects of the central abolition organ are all directed to the extinction of slavery in the South. It keeps alive, and gives courage, and unity, and energy, to all the abolition forces of the North. The direct tendencies of its doctrines, its circulation, its location, and its influence, are the destruction of Southern institutions, and the extinction of civil war, sectional strife, and the dissolution of the Union.

The radical Anti-Slavery papers at the East, we are happy to learn, have never been more prosperous than now. Shall our paper in the West languish, not for want of donations, but for the payment of its subscription list. Our territory is broader than theirs and its cultivation none the less important.

Perhaps some who find a heavy bill of arrearage to pay, may feel too poor to continue the paper—we hope there will be few. It is the intention of the committee, in future to prevent the running up of large bills as in the past. If therefore the nuns we now send out are not responded to within a reasonable period, the paper will be stopped. The Committee prefer, for their own sake as well as for that of the subscribers, that all should take advantage of the opportunity for *advance payment*—and get the paper at its lowest price.

Occasionally letters are received from post-masters, stating that subscribers refuse their papers, and that too, after having taken them for one, two or more years without pay. This must be negligence or knavery without palliation or excuse. We trust our list is now nearly or quite purged from this class of "patrons."

Those of our subscribers in Ohio who know themselves to be indebted, but do not receive bills this week, will understand that whatever they owe, is for a less period than one year, and we hope they will hasten to remit for the current volume and thus save the charge which will be added if they delay till after the close of their subscription year.

Will not our friends also make efforts to enlarge the subscription list. By a little individual effort of friends in their respective localities, much might be done. If but one subscriber was added at each office to which we now address our papers, our list would receive an increase of several hundred. Dont wait for Agents to visit you and to do this work. It is a useless expense of time labor and money to send them about the country to do what you can as well do among your neighbors at a less expense. The enterprise is yours as truly as ours. The Committee are but your agents, while they stand in their list, they look to you to be efficient co-workers in your respective localities.

Resolved, That we do most seriously sympathise with the family and friends of our late Brother, in the common loss we have sustained.

Resolved, That as a mark of our respect for our departed Brother, that our Division room wear the usual badge of mourning thirty days.

Resolved, That the Recording Scribe be requested to send a copy of the above proceedings to the Family of the deceased, and also, to the editors of the Homestead Journal and Ohio Patriot for publication.

J. H. PARKER, R. S.

Ohio Legislature.

SENATE.—The Senate disagreed to the House amendment to the bill appointing commissioners to revise the practice, &c., of the courts, which amendment fixed the compensation of the commissioners at four dollars per day. It now stands so that the commissioners shall receive at the rate of \$2000 per annum. Whether the House will insist on its amendment we cannot say.

The bill to provide for the speedy completion of the New State House, passed through the committee of the whole and was ordered to be engrossed and read a third time tomorrow.

HOUSE.—The bill fixing the terms of the Courts of Common Pleas, is now a law, as is also the bill relating to the organization of Courts and their powers and duties. The latter is a measure of some importance, disposing of grave questions that have been agitated, touching the operation of the laws of the State.

The Clerks have met with a final difference in contending for the honor (and profit) of dispensing the matrimonial "papers."

They are given to the Probate Judge, who will probably pay for the privilege in being prohibited from practising law. The Senate has yet to act on the latter amendment.

Mr. Fisher has introduced in the House a bill providing for the establishment and regulation of a House of Correction for juvenile offenders.

The bill provides for the building of said institution, under the supervision of the Directors of the Penitentiary, who may appoint a Superintendent of the building. Upon its completion, all females, of whatever age, and males under the age of twenty, who are in the Penitentiary, shall be transferred to the House of Correction, to serve out their terms; the same regulation as to age and sex to apply to future convictions for all penitentiary offences. The convicts to be employed in such occupations as may be directed. After its completion, the Directors of the Penitentiary are to appoint a Superintendent, who is to hold his office for three years.

The quarry grounds owned by the State, are designated as the site. O. Staleman.

The Ohio State Journal understands that the amount raised for the Kossuth fund, in Columbus, is between \$1,800 and \$2,000.

The Executive Committee, to the Subscribers of the Bugle.

MARRIED, on 9th ult., 1852, by themselves, at Milo Townsend's, New Brighton, Beaver County, Pa., ALLEN T. FRENCH of North Benton, Mahoning Co., O., to MARTHA GIMSON of Smith Township, Mahoning Co., O.

Obituary.

DIED, On the 21st inst., at the residence of Samuel Street, after a short illness, SOPHIA L., daughter of Clark Trescott, of this place, in the 17th year of her age.

DIED, At his residence near South Charleton, Clark Co., O., JONATHAN PRICE, aged 67 years. His disease, Congestive and Typhoid Fever. In him the slave has lost a well known and earnest friend.

DIED, At Somerton, Belmont Co., on the 30th of 10th month last, WATSON SCOTT, aged 26 years 2 months and 26 days. His surviving friends feel deeply their bereavement. He was a dutiful son, an affectionate husband, a tender father and a useful citizen. He has gone to his rest, but his memory is precious.

Receipts for The Bugle for the week ending February 25th.

A. Allen, Oakland,	\$5.00-374
M. Davis, Salem,	1.65-287
M. Davis, E. Liberty,	2.25-342
M. Gilling, Cuyahoga Falls,	3.00-355
S. Oviatt, Twinsburg,	2.00-330
J. Wetmore, Canfield,	3.00-372
J. Scott, Somerton,	1.00-356
W. M. Clark, Ripley,	4.00-361
H. Peet, Marlboro,	4.00-271
G. Dorsey, Harveyburgh,	2.42-334
L. M. C. G. Grafton,	3.10-333
S. May, Leicester,	1.50-407
S. Boynton, Nashua,	1.50-333
Sewing C. Co., Cincinnati,	7.00
B. Gillette, Litchfield,	1.00-319
E. C. Parker, Union City,	75-362
G. Brown, " "	1.50-339
J. Callahan, Battle Creek,	2.00-381
J. Jones, Davison,	1.00-571
Z. Stone, Kingsman,	2.00-400

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

VOL. 7.

THE BUGLE.

From the Liberator.

Elizabeth M. Chandler.

HAZELBANK, RASIN, Mich.,
January 21, 1852.

DEAR GARRISON:
The memory of those who loved you and sympathized with you in your incipient efforts in behalf of the American slave, and were true to the end, must be dear to you. Of these, none had a deeper or more abiding sympathy than E. M. CHANDLER.

I am now at her brother's, Thomas Chandler, at his residence, in Michigan, a pleasant place on the river Raisin, which she was wont to call Hazelbank. She came here with her brother in 1830, when it was a new country; here lived with him in a log cabin; here died in 1831; and here her earthly tabernacle was deposited in the earth, on a pleasant rise of ground, which I see from my window, which was at that time covered with pleasant shrubbery, and which she herself chose as her resting-place.

I have been looking over her writing desk, her correspondence, her manuscripts, her scraps of poetry, written on slips of paper, in pencil mucks; her keepsakes, received from England and other places—all of which remain as she left them, seventeen years ago. She died in the very noon of an active, useful life in behalf of the poor and outcast slave, aged twenty-six. She did, indeed, do much in a little time. Her heart and soul were as deeply moved by the wrongs of the slave, in 1826, 1830 and '31, as were yours own. I find she had charge of the "Ladies' Department" in the *Genus of Universal Emancipation*, in 1829, when you were connected with Lundy as junior editor. Many of her pieces, in prose and verse, in that paper, during that period, are stirring to the soul, even in these days of "radicalism and frenzy" as they are called. In the number of the *Genus* for Sept. 2, 1812, is her Introductory Address, on taking charge of the Ladies' Department. In it she says—

"The subject of African slavery is one which, from its very nature, should be deeply interesting to every American female; for to which of the numberless sympathies of woman's bosom may not the slave appeal? By all the holy charities of life is woman called upon to lend her sympathy and her aid to the victims of a widely extended evil. We know that there are few, we would hope none, who openly advocate the system of slavery; but will Christian sisters and wives and mothers stand coldly inert, while those of their own sex are daily exposed, not only to the threats and revoltings, but to the very last of a stern, unfeeling taskmaster? They cannot, they will not; they have tears, they have prayers, and in their eloquence they will plead the cause of the oppressed."

The heart that dictated this, also poured out its warm and holy sympathies in the following:—

Shall we behold, unheeding,
Life's holiest feelings crushed;
When woman's heart is bleeding,
Shall woman's voice be hushed?
O, no! by every blessing,
That Heaven to me may send,
Remember their oppression,
Forget not, sister, friend!"

It affects me deeply as, here by her grave, and on the spot where she spent the last years of her brief, but active, useful life, I read the out gushings of that warm, loving, and deeply moved heart. Of all her poems, none are more beautiful and touching, in sentiment and expression, than one written here, and descriptive of her forest home, so aptly and efficiently does she intertwine with her domestic and home associations, her abhorrence of the wrongs done to the slave, her entitled, "My cottage Home," and thus begins:—

My Cottage Home! my Cottage Home!
How beautiful it lies,
Amid its quiet loveliness,
Beneath our bright blue skies!
A stranger's eye might mark it not,
Nor deem that it was fair;
To me it is a lovely spot,
For those I love are there.
* * * * *
But were it thousand times more fair,
If o'er the fertile soil
Oppression shock her manacles,
And scourged the slave to tail—
To me, the greatest desert wild—
Were better for my home,
So never on its arid freeze
The voice of wrong might come."

Dear Garrison.—It is now twenty-two years since you were associated with that bright, gentle, strong spirit, in editing an anti-slavery paper, and in pleading the cause of those who are ready to perish under the withering curse of American Christianity and Republicanism. She passed early away from this field of labor. Had she lived to see the developments of slavery which you have seen, how had her great, loving soul risen in power and majesty to meet the monster! I find among her effects, left behind in her brother's possession, many mementos of you, in the shape of papers and periodicals, forwarded to her by you at sundry times. Among others, are several of the first numbers of the *Liberator*, which is good to meet here, nearly 1000 miles west of Boston. There are few places where you would need a more heartfelt welcome, and where more pleasant and profitable recollections would be awakened in your mind, than in this. Here you might almost live over again your first emotions and efforts in behalf of the slave. But what a change has come over the spirit of this nation's dream about you since 1829! You then raised your voice in behalf of the slave. The slave and his tyrant, Church and State—the nation—have heard the call. The slave has become the test of the nation's professions of regard for truth, justice, liberty, religion, government and God. They have all been proved to be the foes of human welfare. E. M. Chandler, B. Lundy, and others, who cheered you on to cry aloud and show the people their sins, when they had no heart, no conscience, on the question of slavery, have passed away, and have watched your course from a higher sphere. May you live to see what they, and you, and many others, watched, prayed and labored for—the destruction of slavery, and of all institutions in Church and State that cannot exist without enslaving men!

H. C. WRIGHT.

BOSTON.—The total number of foreign vessels arrived in Boston in 12 years, since 1839, is 28,057; and the amount of duties received in the same time, about \$55,000,000.

From the New York Tribune.

Spirit Rappings.
After the manner of "The Raven."

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

In the world of mind and spirit, could our groser sense hear it,
There's a sweet and gentle flowing from a loved and lovely shore;
Yet our life is but a dial, where the hand of stern denial
Keeps us in the path of trial, bidding us wait evermore,
While the land of Hope's ideal, distant, distant, evermore,
Bids the spirit onward soar.

I have often sat and wondered whether spirits ever blundered
From the world beyond this mundane, as they say they did of yore;
And I've often queried whether they would come and talk together
With those that walk in leather, who their presence might implore—
Whether they could come and bring them from the yet untrodden shore,
News of wonders yet in store.

While I pondered on the matter, thinking whether in these latter Days of telegraphs and clatter, they would see us any more:

Taking up the daily papers, there I read of sundry papers
Of the tables, chairs, and tapers, moving on the chamber floor,
And the rapping and the tapping, growing louder than before,
On the window or the door.

Soon they found, somehow or other, how to talk to one another,
As a man would ask his brother what the message that he bore;
And they answered by a knocking, which would set the things a rocking,
And would bring the folk's a-flocking, flocking to the chamber door,

While they stood and silent waited, peeping through the chamber door,

While they wondered more and more.

Then in village, town and city, (some declared it was a pity)
That believers in the spirits should the mysteries so pourer.)
Still the wonder was increasing, and there seemed to be no ceasing,
Till the wheels should get a greasing, of this rusty world of yore;

While the mediums—Fish-y, Fox-y—on our gross material shore,
Rattled at the chamber door.

They have rappers wide awake, oh! with the spirits down to Saco,

Where the people drank the spirits in the gloomy days of yore,

And the rapping, growing louder, make me feel a good deal prouder

Of the State where folks can chowder without spirits from the store,

And where people free and happy, from the mountain to the shore,

Fear the spirits nevermore.

There the sheriff does the rapping, and the spirits hear the tapping.

And they tremble in their lodgings in the corner of the store;

And the noise of axe or hammer, with the people's shouts and clamor,

Make the spirits start and stammer, for they know their days are o'er,

And they blush, as they had ought to, but their bloody race is o'er,

Making Maniacs nevermore!

So, with pushing, shoving, rolling, and their course with care controlling.

Forth the sheriff brings the spirits far without the haunted store;

And he says, "I rather reckon—tis a guess I'll stake my neck on—

That such spirits I could beckon from a place below the floor;

And the valiant blow gives them, lets the spirits all outpour,

Cursing mortals nevermore!

Oh! I love this kind of rapping, and the welcome friend whose tapping

Tells that Mercy, like an angel, stands to guard the poor-house door;

And the brotherhood that ever, by a holy, pure endeavor

Seeks our fallen ones to sever from the monstrosity of yore,

While the father, mother, children, see the gloomy poor-house door,

Or the prison never, nevermore!

Waken! every son and brother! shoulders braced to one another!

Keep this glorious bond of union round your hearth-stones evermore!

Peace shall smile and sweetly bless you, and the future shall careess you,

And the children's love address you, from their childhood's golden shore,

While the thousands, in the fulness of their blessings, rise and pour

Songs of gladness evermore!

New York, January 12, 1852.

THE largest rope-making establishment in the world is at Charlestown, Massachusetts where is made all the rigging for the ships of the United States. The establishment belongs to the United States Government. The building, including the machinery, cost about \$250,000; and since being erected and put in operation, the establishment has paid for itself once, if not twice over, out of the gains of the government.

It is easy to wish for heaven but difficult to get a heavenly mind.

A quiet mind, like other blessings, is more easily lost than gained.

St. Valentine's Day.

From the Commonwealth.

Influence.

BY GEORGE W. BUNYAY.

Drop follows drop and swells,
With rain the sweeping river,
Word follows word and tells,
A truth that lives forever.

Flake follows flake like spirits,
Whose wings the winds disperse,
Thought follows thought and lights,
The realm of mind forever.

Beam follows beam to cheer,
The cloud the bolt would shiver,
Throb follows throb and fear
Gives place to joy forever.

The drop, the flake, the beam,
Teach us a lesson ever,
The word, the thought, the dream,
Impress the soul forever.

LIVE FOR SOMETHING.—Thousands of men breathe, move, and live, pass off the stage of life, and are heard of no more.—Why? They do not a particle of good in the world; and none are blessed by them. None can point to them as the instrument of their redemption; not a line they wrote, not a word they spoke, could be recalled; and so they perished, their light went out in darkness, and they were not remembered more than the insects of yesterday. Will you thus live and die, O man immortal? Live for something! Do good, and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of life can never destroy. Write your name by kindness, love and mercy, on the hearts of thousands with whom you come in contact year by year, and you will never be forgotten! So, your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the sky of evening.—Chandler.

From the Pennsylvania Freeman.

Kossuth--Phillips.

We call the great Hungarian eloquent, And well doth he deserve the epithet; Ay, give him names with every virtue blunt— Poet, Priest, Martyr, world-browed Patriot.

Still, in your very midst, do ye overlook One gifted, cultivated, eloquent as he,

Whose name, when Freedom opes her skyey book,

Will stand, a higher word for Liberty.

Each for his country's trampled sons doth cry, In words of matchless eloquence and grace;

Kossuth is potent for poor Hungary.

But PHILLIPS mighty for the HUMAN RACE.

Z.

Charles J. FOX, the English statesman, said: "I don't like to judge any one after a success; I like to see what a man is after a failure."

Strong passions work wonders when there is stronger reason to curb them.

Conquer your passions; it will be more glorious for you to triumph over your own heart, than to take a citadel.

Agents for the Bugle.

The following named persons are requested and authorized to act as agents for the Bugle in their respective localities.

Chas. Douglass, Berea, Cuyahoga county, Ohio, Timothy Woodworth, Litchfield, Medina co., O. Wm. Payne, Richfield, Summit co., O. Jesse Scott, Summerston, Belmont Co., Z. Baker, Akron, Summit Co.

H. D. Smalley, Randolph, Portage Co.

Mrs. C. M. Latham, Troy, Geauga, Co., O. J. Southam, Brunswick, O. Brown, Bainbridge, L. S. Spees, Granger.

Anti-Slavery Convention in Cincinnati, O.

FRIDENS OF FREEDOM—We invite you to meet in Convention in Cincinnati, on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, April 27th, 28th, and 29th, 1852, commencing at 9 1/2 o'clock, A. M., of the first named day.

We call upon you without distinction of party, to come together in the spirit of fraternal love, to inquire what more can be done for the three millions of slaves in these United States, and to take such advanced measures as a pure Christianity, true patriotism, and an exalted charity require of sound hearted philanthropists.

How many of you will be ready to respond to this call? How many of you will turn aside for a few days from ordinary avocations to give attention to the cries of humanity? How many of you will lay by some of the funds you ordinarily spend beyond your necessities, to save enough to take you to the Convention, or to send a representative from your neighborhood? Come, Friends, prove your faith by your work, and let the poor, crushed, the coal miners, the ebony becomes polished, the coal emits sparks. His face is the faithful index of his mind; and as there is not a darker frown than his, there is not a broader grin. The ecstasy of his long shrill note "Possum up a gun tree," can only be equalled by the agony of his cry of despair over the dead body of Desdemona!—Philadelphia Sunday Dispatch.

Hundreds of lives might be saved by a knowledge of this simple recipe: a large teaspoonful of mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water and swallowed as soon as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

Cheeks says that the man who has a taste for three meals a day, should have a taste for anything that will get them. Cheeks is a philosopher, whose instruction would do great good to a great number of young men, who now earn a living by attending our free lunch institutes.

Yours for the right and the humane, for justice and for love.

Mrs. Sarah H. Ernst. Mrs. Elizabeth Coleman.

" Julie Harwood. " A. Mann.

" Mary M. Guild. Miss Kessiah Emory.

Edward Harwood. Committee of Ladies.

John H. Colemen. John II. Colemen.

John Jolliffe. Christian Donaldson.

Wm. Henry Brisbane. Leci Coffin.

Committee of Gentlemen.

Cincinnati, O., January 5th, 1852.

ANTI-SLAVERY SONGS!

WE have about 1500 copies of our selection of Anti-Slavery Songs on hand, which we will sell Wholesale and Retail; orders from a distance shall be promptly attended to.

Aug. 10, 1852.] I. TRECOTT & CO.,

Elizabeth M. Chandlers'

Prose and Poetical Works. Sold wholesale & retail, by I. TRECOTT & CO.

W. M. J. BRIGHT,

Attorney at Law, Hartford, Trumbull Co., O.

Prompt attention will be given to collections in Trumbull and adjoining counties.